

Forgotten Kingdoms

Randy Baker

SUMBISSION DRAFT: 10/1/17

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Readings and Development:

Goddard College (VT), Inkwell Theatre (DC), Jakarta Players (Indonesia),
Kennedy Center's Page to Stage Festival (DC), National NewBorn Festival (NY),
National New Play Network, Wordsmyth Theater (TX)

Produced Rorschach Theatre

Washington DC, April/May 2017

PRESS AND PHOTOS FROM RORSCHACH THEATRE PRODUCTION (April 2017)

Photos: DJ Corey Photography

"A small boy sits alone at the edge of a wooden jetty, dropping marbles into the sea. He is counting the splashing sounds the marbles make as they plummet into the waves. We can count them, too: The collision between toy and water makes a crisp, satisfying noise amid the broader susurrations of the ocean.

"Arriving in the first minute or two of "Forgotten Kingdoms," this sequence exemplifies the vividness of this distinctive play by Randy Baker, receiving its world premiere from Rorschach Theatre. A tale of a troubled American missionary family and their circle of acquaintances on an isolated Indonesian island, "Forgotten Kingdoms" touches on such themes as culture clash, the legacy of colonialism and competition among religions, but it is far from an issue play. Bold and poignant, the work extends an appealingly personal and idiosyncratic vision, rich in telling detail. The title may reference forgetting, but the play often seems as clear and specific as a total-recall memory."

– Washington Post

There are mysteries of belief and faith beneath this fascinating parable of a play, roiling like the seawater that churns below the wooden house where its action takes place. This house is built on stilts on the coast of a small island in Indonesia. The sounds of water lapping and surf breaking and the liquid reflections of light upon its moving surface never cease. Part cross-cultural collision, part family melodrama, part theological thriller, part audacious myth-making, Rorschach Theatre's *Forgotten Kingdoms* contains such rich content it's like riding a rip tide.

–DC Metro Theatre Arts





"Engaging and infused with humor... a satisfying and thought-provoking work of theater."

- *Brightest Young Things*

"Baker's own experience adds the kind of precise detail that makes the story, as fantastic as it becomes, rooted in truth a step or two from a great American play. Which is exciting to see on H Street."

- *Broadway World*

"Though the events that unfold take place in 1983, the themes being addressed on stage—faith, truth,

cultural exchange, forgiveness, the omnipresence of the past—are just as relevant in 2017 *Forgotten Kingdoms* is an ambitious and thought-provoking bit of world-building that is sure to spark a bevy of conversations among those lucky enough to see it." - ***DC Theatre Scene***

"Playwright Randy Baker grew up in Singapore, grandson of a missionary, and he has set this play at the home of an American missionary based loosely on his grandfather and the stories Baker remembers he told. But beyond that biographical mooring and Baker's lived familiarity with the locale, *Forgotten Kingdoms* is an act of fictive imagination that immerses its audience's attention like a Williams or O'Neill.

"I cannot say for certain what *Forgotten Kingdoms* is "about." But I sensed at every turn there is an ocean of meaning within it—like an ebb and flow of stories and emotions that touch on faith and belief yet never explain it, never contain it. And just how deep is that ocean can be known only by diving in."

—*DC Metro Theatre Arts*



For more press, photos and video please visit <http://www.rorschachtheatre.com/forgotten-kingdoms/>

Forgotten Kingdoms

By Randy Baker

SETTING:

Indonesia. An island in the Riau Archipelago.

A house on a pier just outside the largest town on the Island.

CHARACTERS:

DAVID HOLIDAY:

An American missionary. Old enough to have lived another life, young enough to think he is capable of starting a new one.

REBECCA HOLIDAY:

His wife. A young woman whose scars can make her seem older than she is.

JIMMY HOLIDAY:

Their son. 7 years old.

YUSUF BIN IBRAHIM:

Indonesian. The son of the former town leader.

OFFICER TOGAR:

Indonesian of Batak descent (from Sumatra). A police officer.

IMPORTANT NOTES FOR PERFORMANCE:

/	=	<i>an overlapping line</i>
--	=	<i>an interruption</i>
...	=	<i>a thought trailing off (not an interruption)</i>
[]	=	<i>lines in brackets are not to be said (usually they are translations of the line before)</i>

When indicated, "a moment" simply means a pause in the dialogue.

ACT 1

Indonesia. An Island in the Riau Archipelago.

*There is a wooden house balanced on stilts over a churning sea.
Connecting the house to shore is an impossibly long wooden jetty
whose posts sway slightly in the salt water current.
The waning day moves sunlight slowly down the jetty.*

*An American boy, perhaps seven years old, emerges from the house
and looks over the edge at the water below.
He holds something tightly in his hands.*

*In the distance, at the end of the jetty closest to land, a young man approaches,
cutting through the slowly moving light.
He is a local from the town dressed in a white shirt and khaki pants.
His feet only slightly disturb the wooden jetty.*

*In the boy's hands are marbles and he drops them into the water.
There is a delay between the drop and the distant splash.
The approaching man arrives at the house and watches him.*

JIMMY
Hi.

YUSUF
Hello.

JIMMY
Apa Kabar?

YUSUF
Kabar Baik.

*A moment. JIMMY doesn't look at YUSUF as they talk.
He remains focused on the task of falling marbles*

Is your father at home?

JIMMY
He's getting' ready to meet someone important.

YUSUF
I see.

JIMMY

How come you're here?

YUSUF

Well you see *my* father asked me to come...

JIMMY

Do you always do what your dad says?

YUSUF

Of course.

JIMMY

Sometimes I don't.

REBECCA

(A voice from inside the house)

Jimmy!

JIMMY

My mom says it's 'cause I'm a rascal.

YUSUF

I do not know this word "rascal."

JIMMY

Neither do I. It's from like olden days.

YUSUF

Well you should listen to your parents.

JIMMY looks at YUSUF for the first time.

His eyes are wild. Haunted.

YUSUF falters in a moment that almost feels like fear. JIMMY just stares.

The moment is interrupted by the sound of REBECCA's voice

REBECCA

Jimmy! Are you listening to me?

REBECCA comes out of the house and goes to JIMMY

Who has returned to watching the marbles fall and splash

She acknowledges YUSUF but her focus is on her son.

We've talked about this you need to –

JIMMY

I made a friend.

REBECCA

You did.

(To YUSUF) Our son is a little... well he's a little hard to...

Hi.

YUSUF

Hello.

JIMMY

I'm a little what?

REBECCA

(To JIMMY) You're a little weird.

JIMMY

(To YUSUF) I'm a little weird.

YUSUF

Oh well I see.

REBECCA

Don't you think we should get you inside rather than bothering Yusuf?

JIMMY

Can't.

REBECCA

And why pray tell?

JIMMY

I'm countin'.

REBECCA

Counting Marbles?

JIMMY

I like the sound they make.

REBECCA

Oh yeah? What do they sound like?

JIMMY

Sploosh.

REBECCA

Ha. Yeah they do.

JIMMY

I'm counting the splooshes.

REBECCA

Have I mentioned...

(A game they play) that you're weirder than a blue frog?

JIMMY

Weirder than a purple racoon.

REBECCA

Weirder than a green monkey.

JIMMY

And you would love me even if I were green, purple or blue.

REBECCA

Well...

JIMMY

Mooooom.

They laugh together until REBECCA sits and looks at him

REBECCA

Okay but serious time 'kay?

*YUSUF has turned away and is trying not to intrude on this moment
but cannot help but watch this child*

JIMMY

Serious time.

REBECCA

You gotta listen to me.

JIMMY

I'm listenin'.

REBECCA

You can't run off anymore.

JIMMY

I know.

REBECCA

Do you?

JIMMY

I just... I can't hear you sometimes.

REBECCA

Now come on, you're not gonna pull one over on me like that.

JIMMY

Something's in my ears.

REBECCA

Doctor Raharjo says there's nothing there.

JIMMY

But I hear it...

*JIMMY approaches YUSUF
who has been awkwardly trying to stay out of this family conversation.
He hands him his remaining marbles.*

REBECCA

Alright kid.

*JIMMY turns and runs back into the house. Before he goes back in he stops and
shakes his head like he is trying to get water out of his ears.*

It's good to finally meet you Yusuf. Selamat Datang. *[welcome]*

YUSUF

Terimah Kasih. *[thank you]*
And you must be Mrs. Holiday.

REBECCA

I must be.

YUSUF

Yes.

REBECCA

I was surprised when David said you were coming. I thought you were a lost cause.

YUSUF

I am not lost.

REBECCA

No of course not I didn't mean...
What I meant was...
What's that you have there?

YUSUF

Oh. I have brought you a gift. Customary I think for the matron of the house.

*He hands her the package that he carried with him.
From it she removes a bottle of wine.
It is Boones Farm Apple Wine.*

REBECCA

Oh my.

Boones Farm...

Well thank you.

YUSUF

There were many wines at the Chinese Grocer and I did not know which to get... Apple is the best of all fruits. And what a wonder... wine made from apples...

REBECCA

Well thank you, Yusuf. I'll go get David. I know he's been looking forward to meeting you.

YUSUF

There was a request from my father that I wished to ask you...

REBECCA

You know... *(Looking at the bottle of wine)*

I think maybe this gift is just a little too special.

YUSUF

Too... / special...

REBECCA

Maybe we can leave it out here on the porch.

She places it on a side table.

There. Doesn't it look pretty in the sunlight?

YUSUF doesn't know what to say.

Alrighty. Here I go.

*She leaves.
For a moment YUSUF doesn't do anything, processing all that happened.
He goes to the porch railing and looks out.
After a moment he begins to shake.
It is as if he is trying to push down a great emotion that will not stay submerged.
The shaking becomes the sound of a crack.
He looks down at his hands to find that he has broken it.*

*REVEREND DAVID HOLIDAY enters.
He wears a clean linen shirt
that seems to catch all of the light from the setting sun.
YUSUF turns, holding part of the wood railing in his hand.
He is a small figure facing DAVID's imposing form.*

You can put down the wood.

YUSUF
I am so sorry.

DAVID
Old wood. Sea air. These things happen.

YUSUF
It was not my intention –

DAVID
Yusuf. My friend.

DAVID takes YUSUF's hand and shakes it with warmth and strength.

It's good to see you here in my home.

There is some relief in DAVID's warmth.

YUSUF
You and your young wife are kind to open up your home to me.

DAVID
My young wife?

YUSUF
No I did not mean, sometimes I have / trouble...

DAVID
Young like you?

YUSUF
What? No I would never

DAVID
(Laughing) Now don't go gettin your pants in a knot

YUSUF
I do not... / my pants...

DAVID
I'm just teasing you. I'm not as old as I look. I led a wild youth before Rebecca tamed me.

YUSUF is disarmed by the intimacy of this information.

We've invited you before.

YUSUF

Oh well yes, my father requested I ask you something.

DAVID

Of course. You're here for your father.

*DAVID has misconstrued his meaning
and it seems inappropriate for YUSUF to ask the question he was going to ask.*

Come on. Sit down.

I tell ya nothing better than watching the sun set over those hills.

YUSUF is unsure.

Come on.

YUSUF sits

Get a load of that view. It's really something yeah? What a blessing to be able to see this every night.

They look at the view together for a moment.

YUSUF

It is the view I would see from my father's boat. Returning home at the end of the day.

DAVID

Right! Fishing. I've heard tell.

YUSUF

Yes?

DAVID

He caught a 4-foot grouper with just a hand line and a hook.

YUSUF

Oh no... this is just a story.

DAVID

Whatever you say...

YUSUF smiles

He did! He caught a whopper and you were there!

YUSUF

It was not as big as you say...

DAVID

A beast from the deep! A monster of a fish!

YUSUF

I helped him pull it in.

DAVID

You did! Well there you go!

This is a good memory for YUSUF.

YUSUF

We ate well that night. I think I can still taste the Laksa my mother made.

DAVID

Simpler times right?

YUSUF

Yes. Things were simple...

DAVID

I was sorry to hear about the election.
I didn't know he could be voted out of office.

YUSUF

The Penghulu is chosen by the people.

DAVID

Well I know but I thought your dad was kind of a regular fixture...

YUSUF does not respond

You know I remember the first time he came to visit me.

I'd only been here a few hours and there he was on the jetty, dressed to the nines, welcoming me to the island. He didn't speak English and I was still learning Indonesian so we just kind of stood there not sure what was supposed to happen next. I would say something he didn't understand, he would say something I didn't understand... but you know he was smiling the whole time, the biggest grin I've ever seen, and eventually we just started laughing and laughing. I don't even know what we were laughing at.

YUSUF cannot help but smile.

There is something in this description of his father that he recognizes.

We sat here on this very sofa and watched the sunset. Just like you and me are doing right now.

Ha, I tell ya. I knew glorious things were gonna happen after a welcome like that.

He musta told ya about it.

YUSUF

He must have told me.

DAVID

I mean of course he doesn't tell you everything.

YUSUF

I remember he called you Dukun Hebat.

DAVID

I forgot about that! What a terrific honor – the great healer.

He was just sayin' things I wanted to hear of course.

YUSUF

You wished to be seen as a healer?

DAVID

I didn't wanna be *seen* as a healer.

I wanted to *heal*. I still do.

YUSUF looks at the floor.

It's why you're here right? Because your dad's sick?

YUSUF doesn't respond.

Yusuf. I can help.

YUSUF

I am sorry but I am having a difficult time.

DAVID

You know.

Apologies are funny things. Sometimes we say sorry because we're nervous or uncomfortable... which I suspect is all that's going on with you right?

But you know sometimes... we're seeking *forgiveness*.

YUSUF

I have heard these stories yes.

DAVID

Have you now?

YUSUF

There is a lorry you drive. You stand on the back of it and speak of forgiveness.

DAVID

Well at least you're hearing the good word from somewhere.

Now.

What do we have here?

DAVID picks up the bottle on the table.

YUSUF

Oh it is nothing

DAVID

It's not / nothing.

YUSUF

Really it was just something / that Mrs. Lim...

DAVID

Ha. Boones Farm. Takes me back.

YUSUF

Yes?

DAVID

Oh yeah.

YUSUF

Takes you back.

DAVID

ALL the way back I tell ya! Ha! Boones Farm.

YUSUF

Yes! Boones Farm!

A moment.

YUSUF looks confused.

DAVID

Yusuf my son. Did you know that I didn't see the ocean until I was 18 years old?

My daddy was a farmer. In central Washington state.

(Remembering) Ha. A farmer. That's makin' it sound like more than it was.

Just a dusty patch of land with a trailer on it.

Some trees, some pigs. Never could figure out what the real plan was...

But it was ours. And my daddy never let us forget that this tangled little thing *belonged* to us.

YUSUF looks at the water below them.

Does it surprise you that my life started out a lot like yours?

YUSUF

I am only trying to understand a world without the sea.

DAVID

My point is we all start somewhere – your dad a fisherman, me the son of a farmer in Yakima.

YUSUF

Yeah kee / ma...

DAVID

And ya wanna know what those trees grew? This'll make ya laugh.

YUSUF

I really do not / know.

DAVID

Apples! The tangled earth gave way to a tiny little orchard of some truly gorgeous apple trees.

YUSUF

Like the Boones Farm.

DAVID

You got it my boy. Now I want to tell you a story about forgiveness. Can I do that?

YUSUF

Yes.

DAVID

See those apples were sweet and crisp and I remember eating that fallen fruit in the shade of the trees.

But ya know... there were other things I did in the shade.

Things. That I'm not proud of.

Boones Farm was just the beginning. My friends and I would head to the orchards to drink every sort of wine and spirit and smoke cigarettes and talk of terrible terrible things. And on one occasion I brought a young lady with me to the orchard.

Angela was her name, but she was no angel...

Now this was before I met my Rebecca... but I still feel a powerful regret.

YUSUF shifts in his seat

Am I making you uncomfortable?

He is.

It's easy to talk about forgiveness when there's nothing to forgive.

But for men like me and you, when you look back on a life, it's a leap of faith to even ask.

YUSUF

I am not sure that I understand.

DAVID

Rebecca wouldn't bring the wine into our house.

YUSUF

(Realization) You do not drink wine...

DAVID

The Bible tells us that we are God's temple and that God's Spirit dwells in us.
It's a beautiful thought isn't it?

YUSUF

It is lovely. I have often thought about this when I fast. That with the hunger comes a connection between Body and spirit.

DAVID

When you fast...

YUSUF

And Reverend. You must understand I do not drink alcohol.

DAVID

I've heard that before.

YUSUF

The prophet says it is a sin.

DAVID

The prophet.

YUSUF

Mohammed.

DAVID

Right.

YUSUF

The prophet of Allah.

DAVID

You're still a Muslim.

YUSUF

Yes my family is Muslim.

DAVID

But your father, / he was...

YUSUF

My family is the same as it has always been.

A moment.

DAVID

I don't understand he comes to my church...

YUSUF

Yes.

DAVID

He's a part of our *congregation*.

YUSUF

He attends your church yes.

DAVID seems suddenly restless. Agitated.

DAVID

Where's Rebecca with that coffee?

YUSUF

Just as many of the people of this town attend your church.

DAVID

Rebecca!

YUSUF

Reverend, I think Missus Holiday is –

*DAVID suddenly stands and walks to the railing.
For a moment he fumes
and then he turns back to the table and aggressively snatches the bottle.
and unscrews the cap as he heads to the edge of the porch.*

DAVID

Your body is a temple.

*He pours out the wine.
YUSUF is not sure what to do
so he just watches the pink wine mix with the green water.
DAVID begins to calm down
and he regrets that his anger has gotten the better of him.
Transitioning to civility is not easy, but the old ways die hard
and this is a familiar journey.*

I'm sorry.

What I mean is.

I think you are what god made you. I'm not here to judge the past, I'm here to save the future.

YUSUF

It is a noble pursuit.

DAVID

But I am confused. If you're not here to pray for your father why are you here?

A moment before YUSUF responds

YUSUF

Before he fell into his deep sleep, it was his last request that I come here.

DAVID

Right. He asked you to come.

DAVID is thinking about this new information

YUSUF

I do not always understand why he asks certain things of me.

DAVID

And your wife...

YUSUF

Dewi yes.

DAVID

She comes to church...

YUSUF

She attends with my father.

DAVID

See. Because *my* wife and I share everything and if she had something this important that she was doing without me... well I would have to rethink everything.

YUSUF doesn't respond.

I think maybe it's the same for you and Dewi?

YUSUF thinks about the things he does not understand about his wife.

You understand I'm trying to help, right?

YUSUF

Yes. You are the dukun hebat.

DAVID

But there's something you're not buying.

YUSUF

Your stories.

They are very personal.

DAVID

Well they aren't just stories, they're a part of a greater message.

A covenant. A promise.

YUSUF looks again to the churning sea.

I think your dad wanted us to meet for a reason. I think he loves you very much and I think he wants to share something powerful and true with his son.

DAVID takes a pocket bible from his pocket.

It is bound in brown leather, soft and worn at the edges.

See this? This was my father's bible.

He hands the bible to YUSUF.

You know we never really leave the past behind.

No matter how much I try to become someone new, there's always the heat of my past – my anger, my frustration... it comes out at all the wrong times...

But the past doesn't have to be pushed away.

That bible.

There's a power in it. You can feel it right?

Those pages bound in leather.

The sweat and the dirt of Central Washington mixing with the salt and the sand of this place.

Why don't you borrow it?

YUSUF

Your father's gift to you.

DAVID

You'll bring it back. And hey it gives me another chance to sit down and talk to you. Gotta make up for lost time ya know?

YUSUF

Thank you.

YUSUF looks at the bible in his hands

Do you know Mrs. Lim?

DAVID

She's hard to miss. That woman loves god with a passion rarely witnessed.

YUSUF

She wants to be close to the holy spirit.

DAVID

Yup. Front row every Sunday.

YUSUF

You see it is because she believes you speak to ghosts.

DAVID

Now when you say ghosts...

YUSUF

I do not hold such superstitions.

DAVID

I didn't say you did.

YUSUF

But what she says. She says you are more than a man.
That you have powers. That there is something within you...

DAVID

Now son. Only Jesus was more than a man.

YUSUF

Yes of course. This is what you believe.

DAVID

What is it you want to ask me?

YUSUF

There is a story...
It is said that you healed a child. On Songket Island. In the rain.

DAVID smiles.

DAVID

It is said?

YUSUF

Have you not heard the whispers?

DAVID

From people like Mrs. Lim?

YUSUF

On Songket Island in a storm
you entered the only house with light
and you placed your hands on the head of a sick girl
moments away from death
and took her fever into you
and she was healed.

DAVID

Have you ever witnessed a miracle?

YUSUF thinks about this

YUSUF

Do you know Hang Tuah?

DAVID

I know there's a street named after him.

YUSUF

Hang Tuah is a hero from our history – a great warrior with many adventures.
All fathers tell their sons stories of Hang Tuah.
The most famous story is about Hang Tuah and his brother Hang Jebat when they must fight each other.
You see Jebat has broken the King's commandments and Tuah must follow orders to apprehend him.
There is a great and terrible fight that lasts from the sun setting to the sun rising. The entire Kingdom
watches as the ground moved and the waves in the water form.
Hang Tuah wins the fight and kills his brother, weeping as he does.
The people of the kingdom leave this sacred spot, Hang Tuah holding the body of Hang Jebat.

The sun is setting.

For the first time the shadows of dusk become noticeable.

When my father told this story to me...

My own brother had just died. Perhaps it was my fault.

My brother died and my father told this story.

But you see my father changed the story.

He said that Hang Tuah had had been given magic and that after the fight,
after all of the spectators and the King's army had left,
he knelt down and touched his brother's head.

Jebat was risen.

He looked to his brother one last time and flew into woods, never to be seen again.

My father told me that on nights without a moon
in the dark jungle

if I listened carefully I could hear Hang Jebat sing.

But it wasn't true.

Hang Tuah is *history*. Hang Tuah was an admiral in the Malay empire.
For these islands, for this place, this is not a fairy tale.
And my brother's death...

A moment

It was not something that a child could understand.
You see I watched my brother fall...

YUSUF is having some trouble telling this

We fought. I said things I should not have said and he ran...

DAVID
You were just a boy.

YUSUF
But as you say, the past is not always so far away.
But this idea that my father gave me – that my brother still lived like Hang Jebat still lived... it brought me great joy.

DAVID
He brought you forgiveness.

YUSUF
Yes. I think you're right. In a way.
But when I hear a story of an American man in the rain healing a little girl...

DAVID
What does it make you think Yusuf?

YUSUF
My father changed the story. It never happened that way.

DAVID
So the question is... did I change *my* story?

YUSUF
Or perhaps someone else in retelling the story...

DAVID
But *did* your Dad change the story he told you?

YUSUF
Of course. Hang Tuah did not have magical powers in this way.

DAVID
Is it that he changed it... or is it that no one else got the story *right*?

YUSUF

I have always preferred explanation over belief in these things.

DAVID

Belief doesn't have to be about ghosts and superstition.

YUSUF

I do not believe that you have the power to heal.

DAVID

No?

YUSUF

No it is not possible.

DAVID

I think.

There's a part of you
however small it might be
that thinks this all might be true.

That the power of Christ healed someone who was sick and made her whole again.

He doesn't respond.

I can help him Yusuf. I can help you.

He still doesn't respond.

DAVID waits patiently.

YUSUF

There is a mosque on Songket. On the island of your miracle.

DAVID

Well alright.

YUSUF

You did not see it?

DAVID

I don't recall.

YUSUF

It is called Masjid Kulit Telur

DAVID

(Translating) The Mosque of... egg skin?

YUSUF
The Eggshell Mosque.

DAVID
I saw a building that musta been. From a distance.

YUSUF
From a distance yes.

DAVID
It was dirty. Like it was white once upon a time.

YUSUF
It was built long ago.

DAVID
See I think. I think there's something there.
What I mean is I think there's a message in those dirty walls.
The old ways are fading. Like the way ya worshiped once upon a time is the color of eggshells.
And belief needs a new coat of paint.

YUSUF
I think you are right there are messages in things.

DAVID
I have a feeling we're not talking about the same message.

YUSUF
There is a phrase. .. a phrase that that I have heard...
Walk on eggshells.
Two of my teachers at the British school – they are husband and wife - they were arguing and he said:
“Sometimes I feel like I am walking on eggshells.”
Walking on eggshells. Beautiful.

DAVID
Well I've never really thought about it...

YUSUF
The people here, you see, “walk on eggshells.”

DAVID
You're a polite folk. It's kinda charming.

YUSUF
Ah yes but it is not always right to be as you say polite.

DAVID
I'm not sure I understand.

YUSUF

I am only trying to explain my father.

DAVID

Too polite to turn down an invitation to church.

YUSUF

And too polite to tell you his true feelings.

DAVID

What about you?

YUSUF

I know that for you I am a prize.

The son of the great man. The man who came from nothing to lead this island.

But my father is no longer a great man.

DAVID

Just because he stopped being penghulu doesn't mean he isn't great.

YUSUF

There was a price. A price for his politeness toward you and your God.

DAVID

Accepting the loving arms of your lord and savior is hardly –

YUSUF stands.

REBECCA enters. She's a mess of sweat and hair.

She carries a tray of coffee and plastic cups.

JIMMY is on the loose around her.

REBECCA

Sorry David, Jimmy's a little...

YUSUF takes the tray from her and places it on the table.

Oh you don't have to...

JIMMY runs to the edge of the porch.

Jimmy, don't...

DAVID

Are you / okay?

REBECCA

(Calling after him) Jimmy!

(To DAVID) Something's wrong with him.

DAVID

Did he have another / seizure?

REBECCA

It's different. He's out of control.

YUSUF

(To JIMMY) Hello again. Apa Kabar?

JIMMY

Kabar Baik.

DAVID

It's all right hon. Look he's just makin a friend.

DAVID watches YUSUF and his son

JIMMY

Saya mendengar suara suara. *[I hear voices]*.

YUSUF

Your bahasa is / very good.

DAVID

He hears... / voices?

REBECCA

I don't know what's gotten into him. He's been running around / like a crazy person.

YUSUF

Did you hear us talking? Adakah anda mendengar kami bercakap?

REBECCA

David...?

JIMMY

Suara di kepala saya. *[The voice is in my head]*

DAVID

I'm trying to...

YUSUF

Apa?

JIMMY

Hanya satu suara. *[It is only one voice.]*

YUSUF
What do you mean?

Two conversations take place at the same time

REBECCA
What is he saying?

DAVID
Something about the moon on Songket
I can't... / It's too fast I can't...

REBECCA
David where did he learn all this?

DAVID
Well I don't know when *did* he?

REBECCA
What.

DAVID
You're with him all day.

REBECCA
I can't watch him every second.

DAVID
Well why not?

REBECCA
Really?

DAVID
What do you do that keeps / you so busy

REBECCA
Are you really gonna / go there?

DAVID
Calm down I didn't mean / that you don't

REBECCA
Do you have any idea / what it takes to

DAVID
Rebecca. Rebecca I didn't mean. Look.
I'm sorry. Let's not do this.

JIMMY
Tiada bulan di Pulau Songket.
[There was no moon on Songket Island]

YUSUF
Adik pergi ke Songket?
[Did you go to Songket Little One?]

JIMMY
Tiada bulan dan tiada bintang bintang.
[There was no moon and there were no stars]

YUSUF
Apa? *[What?]*

JIMMY
Bintang-bintang di dalam saya. *[The stars were in me]*

*YUSUF takes a moment with
this strange conversation*

YUSUF
Di mana adik belajar Bahasa Indonesia?
[where did you learn to speak Indonesian?]
Kamu belajar dari bapak?
[did you learn from your father?]

JIMMY smiles

JIMMY
Ayah...
Ayah...
Ayah...

REBECCA
This.

YUSUF
Adek Kecil... *[little one]*

DAVID
We'll talk later.

JIMMY
Bintang bersinar *[Stars are shining]*
Dia menyanyi *[He is singing]*

REBECCA
Will we?

DAVID
Now's not the time.

REBECCA
It's never the time.

She storms off into the house.

DAVID
We have a... Rebecca... Darn it where are you...

*He follows her but we can still hear them arguing through the thin walls.
The shadows of the setting sun are starting to grow long.*

REBECCA
He's not right. You saw him. He's not.

*YUSUF and JIMMY stop talking.
They listen to the argument taking place inside the house.
The argument they cannot see.*

DAVID
He's fine...

REBECCA
This wasn't our deal. "We're a team" remember?

DAVID
He's just a kid blowing off steam.

REBECCA
You need to take some responsibility here.

DAVID
I need to take responsibility? I heard from Ramli that Jimmy was running up and down Tinggi Street by himself... where were you?

REBECCA
I don't have to –

DAVID
Where were you Rebecca?

REBECCA
We have to / get him

DAVID
Where were / you?

REBECCA
WE HAVE TO GET HIM TO A DOCTOR!

DAVID
Now?

REBECCA
Yes!

DAVID
We're not going to –

REBECCA
Okay fine. I'm sure everything is –

DAVID
Oh don't go getting all –

REBECCA
Don't you DARE call me –

DAVID
LOOK!
We'll take him. I'll take him. But not right now.
What are you...
Don't do that. Say Something. Don't...
He's going to be...
I told you that I... I just

*There is a loud crashing sound as DAVID puts his fist through something.
JIMMY approaches the house and YUSUF watches him.
He looks toward shore and then back to the boy.*

REBECCA
That's just. Great.

*The voices behind the wall fall silent.
YUSUF kneels so that he is at eye level with JIMMY.*

YUSUF

My father is not always patient. Sometimes this is the way with fathers.

JIMMY nods.

Would you like to meet my father?

JIMMY looks at him for a long moment as tears start to form in his eyes.

Then.

Something starts to overtake him, suddenly and without warning.

His body jerks as if an electric shock has struck him.

He falls to the floor.

REBECCA and DAVID run out, recognizing this sound.

REBECCA springs into action,

rolling JIMMY on his side and cushioning his head.

The seizure continues. It is violent and strange.

DAVID crouches beside REBECCA and as the seizure continues he holds her close.

YUSUF stands apart, afraid of the seizure

and afraid of intruding on this intimacy.

After what seems like forever, the attack subsides and stops.

DAVID

Do you think he heard us?

REBECCA

I think the *town* heard us David.

DAVID

What's wrong with him?

REBECCA

It's getting worse.

DAVID

I'm scared Becky.

REBECCA

I know hon. I know.

DAVID

What if he heard us?

BECKY

Just take him to bed.

*DAVID picks him up and carries him into the house,
saying a prayer quietly as he does.*

DAVID

Lord have mercy on my son... for he is sore vexed... for oft-times he falleth into the fire...

His words trail off as he disappears.

REBECCA

I'm sure he would understand if you wanted to come back tomorrow.

YUSUF

Oh. Well.

REBECCA doesn't understand his hesitation but she is too exhausted to try and decode what cultural misunderstanding is taking place now.

REBECCA

Never mind.

*She starts to clean the mess made by JIMMY's seizure -
Spilled coffee cups, broken plates and the dirt that is always there.*

I'm not sure why I bother.

Floor's the same either way. Dirty rotten wood. Salt stains.

YUSUF

I think there may be something wrong with your son.

REBECCA

You think?

YUSUF

(Not quite understanding her irony)

When he was speaking to me, he did not seem himself.

REBECCA

And how would you know how he is?

YUSUF

I have seen him before. When your family performs.

REBECCA

On the back of the truck.

YUSUF

On your accordion.

REBECCA

Right. My accordion.

YUSUF

You are an exceptional player.

REBECCA

Well I wouldn't go that far...

YUSUF

Did you train for a very long time?

REBECCA

Ha. No. Nono.

YUSUF

I went to the library at the school to find the name of this instrument.

REBECCA

Well it's kind of a kooky instrument back home too.
But it's portable. And god knows we need portable.

YUSUF

My cousin was a musician.

REBECCA

Was?

YUSUF

He works very hard now.

REBECCA

Yeah. We do seem to make compromises, don't we?

A moment.

YUSUF

Sometimes I am not sure if I am supposed to answer.
I have a difficult time with this thing called rhetorical questions.
I do find it a fascinating concept, the idea of questions that are not meant to be answered.

*REBECCA smiles. She hands him a rag inviting him to help her clean.
They clean together.*

He works in Singapore.

REBECCA

We were there before here. It's lovely.
Have you ever visited him there?

YUSUF

He lives in one room with eleven other workers. Eight from the Philippines, three from Bangladesh. I do not think there is room for visitors.

REBECCA

Oh.

I'm sorry I didn't think...

YUSUF

There's no need to apologize.

REBECCA

I remember our house in Singapore and it had this... yard, with soft grass and mango trees. There was a McDonalds at the end of the road and Jimmy got a toy from that cartoon movie we saw. There was a grocery store and a shopping center and it was... green. Trees planted neatly along the street. It's easy to miss the other folks. Folks like your cousin. I just hadn't really thought about it.

YUSUF

This house was your house?

REBECCA

It belonged to the church. It was... well it was where we were going to stay before plans changed.

YUSUF

(A realization) You do not want to be here.

REBECCA

What?

YUSUF

I had not considered this.

REBECCA

It's not that simple.

YUSUF

No?

REBECCA

I mean I have doubts of course but that's about expectations ya know? When I used give to the offering plate back in the states to pay for folks to go on missions it seemed like such noble work...

The sky has darkened as the sun starts to descend.

And it still is. Even if a little doubt trickles in there now and then.

This is our calling.

From God.

It's not something that you give up on when it gets hard.

YUSUF

God calls you to be places you do not wish to be?

REBECCA

Sometimes he does.

YUSUF

Was Jimmy “called by god?”

REBECCA

Well he’s our kid, he’s part of the package.

YUSUF

Part of the team.

REBECCA

Yeah...

The two sit in silence for a moment.

YUSUF

When I was Jimmy’s age, my father would tell remarkable stories. Stories about spirits and strange events. My brother loved them. I was always questioning them.

REBECCA

I didn’t know you had a brother.

YUSUF

Yes. He died when I was very young.

REBECCA

Oh that’s terrible I’m so sorry.

YUSUF

It was a long time ago.

We were poor then. It was before the government offered my father a salary.
But I remember these times as happy and my family was very close.

REBECCA

Having money changed that?

YUSUF

For my mother this money meant that they could pay to send me the British school on the big Island.
For me, it meant we could finally purchase a television.

REBECCA

Kids sure do know what they want.

YUSUF

My father was very clear about his disapproval. He said to me that ghosts should not be captured in a box for all to watch. I remember thinking my father was crazy. All the stories of spirits that he had told me in the past started to fall away and I saw him for the superstitious man he was. I argued with him. I said many things that no child should say to a father. I told him he was a stupid man to believe in ghosts.

REBECCA

Yikes.

YUSUF

But this was not the worst. He bought the television.

REBECCA

I guess you won that fight.

YUSUF

But he never told me another story.

REBECCA

You were just a kid. You can't think that he loved you any less...

YUSUF

Not all families can be a "team."

REBECCA

No I guess they can't.

YUSUF

Forgiveness. This is something you believe in.

REBECCA

Well sure.

YUSUF

Forgiveness even for those who do terrible things?

REBECCA

Wouldn't be forgiveness if it was easy.

YUSUF

Yes.

YUSUF is becoming lost in thought.

My father was interested in Jimmy.

REBECCA

What do you mean he was interested?

YUSUF

He mentioned Songket. I did not know he accompanied Reverend Holiday.

REBECCA

Songket. Right.

YUSUF

The morning after he healed the sick girl in the rain.
was the morning we found my father, silent in his bed.
I have no explanation for this strange coincidence.

REBECCA

Does *everybody* know this story?

YUSUF

Yes.

A moment.

REBECCA

But you're not like the others...
You don't believe these crazy stories do you?

YUSUF

You wish for me to be different.

REBECCA

David's words seem like they come from somewhere. Somewhere big and full of purpose.
I mean I love that about him. I love how he tells me about God, like after a lifetime of being Christian I
can see new things.
But Yusuf...
It isn't magic. No matter what you heard.

YUSUF

But this is how it works, yes? I come here, curious about the stories of this strange man at the end of the
jetty and then you tell me of your god.

REBECCA

You make it sound like we're trying to be sneaky.

YUSUF

You are not sneaky.

REBECCA

You know what we're about and you came to us. No one made you come.

YUSUF

This is not entirely true.

The wood creaks. Someone is approaching.

REBECCA

What do you mean? Who made you come?

DAVID enters.

The question goes unanswered.

Is he okay?

DAVID

He's better. He's sleeping.

REBECCA

I'm gonna...

DAVID

Of course.

REBECCA

(Looking at the sky) I'll bring out a light.

She leaves.

DAVID picks up a broken cup she left on the table.

DAVID

I'm sorry you had to be here for all that.

YUSUF

"All that."

DAVID

Marriage is a little like a cup of coffee.

YUSUF

Yes?

DAVID

Surely ya gotta know what I mean...

YUSUF

There is bitterness among the flavor?

The water turns what...

DAVID
Murky?

YUSUF
Murky yes.

*DAVID fills REBECCA's cup and drinks.
The evening call to prayer is heard.
Perhaps it started earlier and is only heard now in the silence between words.
It is joined by another voice
and then by a third:
out on water, the sounds of many mosques can be heard.
For a moment both men listen.*

*As the sky darkens, slowly throughout their conversation,
the porch begins to change.
The fading light on the porch does not simply move from light to dark –
the relationship between light and shadow becomes more complex:
ambient light from other houses flicker on;
light from passing fishing boats move across them;
the mysterious indirect light of stars and town reflect off the water;
electric lights used in fishing nets shine from underneath the water's surface.
Shadows increase,
light becomes indirect and unpredictable,
pools of light emphasize certain areas,
but never do these two men experience pure darkness.*

*The call to prayer continues under their conversation,
gently, until it falls away.*

DAVID
Have you and Dewi thought about children?

YUSUF
No.
That is.
My wife is not able to have a child.

DAVID
Oh. I'm sorry to hear that.

YUSUF
It is not for me to question.

DAVID
God works in mysterious ways.

YUSUF

Yes.

DAVID

But she does come to church. You don't think that brings her any kind of solace?

YUSUF

Her actions to me seem... murky.

DAVID

Ha. True enough.

DAVID drinks his coffee.

You know I met Rebecca when she worked in a bar.

Back when I was... less than I am today. I would try to outsmart her but she would pour me coffee rather than whiskey and make sure I was okay to drive after those long blurry nights. And then she would sing.

YUSUF

Sing?

DAVID

She never belonged in that place. She sang like an angel and when the band was gone she would take that microphone and sing a lullaby to all us drunks.

YUSUF

I think... she is worried about your son.

DAVID

Yeah I know she is. I'm worried too.

But ya know... it's just a phase. It's lonely growing up here the only American kid.

YUSUF

He is often alone.

YUSUF considers before proceeding, then does so tentatively.

In the town they call him anak berhantu. The haunted child.

DAVID

Haunted? What like a... what does that mean?

YUSUF

They watch him sing.

On the roof of that lorry with you and your young wife and her accordion.

Anak berhantu singing in that soft sad voice. They cannot ignore it no matter what they do...

So they come to where the voice draws them. And then see his eyes, like glass filled with shadow and smoke. And they too become haunted.

DAVID
They.

YUSUF
Yes.

DAVID
Not you.

YUSUF
No.

DAVID
You “prefer explanation over belief in such things”

YUSUF
Yes.

DAVID
I think you’re less “rational” than you let on.

YUSUF
Have I given this impression?

DAVID
You believe in God.

YUSUF
Yes.

DAVID
And you fast for Ramadan and you care about the eggshell mosque
and you have the soul of a storyteller...
You’re a *believer* who thinks he isn’t one and I gotta say it’s a beautiful thing.
Don’t you see?
You’re hearing the word, we just need to make sure you’re hearing the right one.

YUSUF
I see. *Your* word.

DAVID
I love that you’re too polite to tell me what you really think of me.

YUSUF
Your belief is... persistent.

DAVID
And all I want to do is share it with you.

YUSUF

Does your son share your belief?
Your belief that brings him so far from his home?

DAVID

Of course he does.
Wait. What do you mean?

YUSUF

Perhaps I should not ask such questions.

DAVID

And he's not "haunted."
I don't like people describing him like that. It smacks of sacrilege.
He's just awkward.

YUSUF

English has too many words for the same thing.

DAVID

Maybe so.
But see. There's only one *word*.
Only one god.

YUSUF

I agree.

DAVID

Allah hasn't saved your father.
Allah will never save your father.

YUSUF

But your god will.

DAVID

What can I say? What can I tell you that I haven't already said?

YUSUF

You can tell me about Songket.

DAVID

Simple as that?

YUSUF

Simple. Yes.

DAVID looks at the darkening sky

DAVID

It was dark and raining just like you said and there were no lights on to guide us in.
I was having trouble finding the Island - I hadn't meant to be out so late and the night and the storm just kinda took us by surprise.
We had spent the afternoon fishing. Or trying to fish.
Rebecca said we needed some father-son bonding so I brought him out fishing where we could... well. If there's one thing I know how to do well is talk so it seemed like a great idea.
But just like always with that kid... no matter what I do...
He didn't wanna fish and he didn't wanna talk.
I asked him questions and he just stared at the water.
He told me hates fishing. What kinda kid hates fishing?

But ya see. God has a plan. Even for these heartbreaking moments when we just can't seem to see straight. When we are lost, he will find us. *There was a reason that Jimmy was on this trip.*

So we found our way in the dark and tied up to the jetty. No man waiting there to meet us, no one really anywhere. Just an empty village, doors swinging in the wind.

It was. Unsettling.

I went looking for Jimmy who had wandered off and as I was looking I saw a light. Dim so at first I hadn't seen it. But it was definitely a sign of life. A small house set in the underbrush on the edge of the village.

I approached it and saw through the window a beautiful little girl lying on a floor mat, her father wiping her down with a dirty rag. He was sweating almost as much as she was.

He saw me outside and let me in. I asked him where the village had gone and he said everyone had left for fear of catching her disease. They had been left here, alone among the swinging doors. Can you imagine that kind of loneliness? Being abandoned by everyone you love?

I told him that I spoke for god and he asked me to say a prayer.

So I sat with the girl and put one hand on her forehead. She was hot. As if the sickness was about to consume her in flame.

But I stayed with her,
and with my touch upon her flesh
I prayed.

Prayed to spare this innocent lonely forgotten child.

Beautiful and pure even as her heat burned the air around her.

And as I prayed something happened. Something strange and wonderful.

A song. A voice. Coming from the direction of the beach...

*DAVID sings quietly a few lines
He doesn't remember the words,
but the melody is haunting.*

I hadn't heard anything like it before.

As I prayed, the song gave me strength.

It was as if the melody was becoming a part of me,
a part of my prayer
a part of my touch
a part of her flesh.

And as the song, the touch, the flesh became one
I felt the heat from her body rise. Like a spirit floating up to the lord.
The little girl opened her eyes.
She looked at me, smiled and in perfect English asked me, "Who is Jesus?"

YUSUF
This song...

DAVID
The lord saved this girl.

YUSUF
This song...

DAVID
He heard my prayers and saved her.

YUSUF
Reverend. Who was singing this song?

DAVID
It was Jimmy.
Jimmy was singing the song.

The sun continues setting, the shadows on the porch are becoming long.

I went to the window and looked out to the beach and there was Jimmy,
looking at the moonless sky and singing.
The words... I don't remember them all...

*He sings.
Half-forgotten words forming the syllables that make up the melody.
Until he comes to the refrain and he remembers...*

Trimala cintaku [Receive my love]
atau langit akan mencurinya [or the sky will steal it]
Untuk membuat bintang [And make stars]
Langit telah banyak bintang [The sky has many stars]
Aku hanya punya satu [I have only one]

As the song has progressed YUSUF has darkened.

YUSUF
Why do you know this song?

DAVID
Jimmy sang it on / the beach.

YUSUF

Where did Jimmy learn this song?

DAVID

It was God speaking through him.

YUSUF

This was Hang Jebat's song

DAVID

What?

YUSUF

My Father wrote that song for *me*. No one else knew it. He changed the story for *me*.

DAVID

Well how did Jimmy know it?

YUSUF

I do not understand how this could be.

DAVID

Maybe it's not something you're meant to understand.

YUSUF

He told me the song was ours. Something only for me.

DAVID

It's a miracle.

YUSUF

So God was speaking through my father as well.

DAVID

Maybe he was!

YUSUF

Trimala cintaku atau langit akan mencurinya.

DAVID

The words of / the song...

YUSUF

Receive my love or the sky will steal it.

DAVID

Listen son, God granted me a miracle, / this isn't...

YUSUF

I am not your son.

DAVID

It's just a figure of / speech...

YUSUF

And you have not stolen my Father's love.

DAVID

I didn't say I had...

The sun is disappearing.

The two figures move between silhouette and pools of ambient light.

YUSUF picks up the piece of railing that he broke earlier.

YUSUF

The mosque. The one you saw in the distance.

DAVID

The walking on eggshells mosque.

YUSUF

It was built a long time ago,
when Islam came to these Islands
six hundred years ago.

When the capital of this great kingdom was moved here, it was the capital of a vast realm that spread
from Thailand to Papua New Guinea. And on this tiny Island the King and his court lived.

The kingdom fell of course. Time passes and kingdoms fall.

And it was replaced by Melaka

And then the Portuguese

And then the Dutch

And then the British.

And then the Dutch again.

And then. And then and then.

Chopped up and carved up

Turned into a regency

within a province

within a state

within the many islanded nation of Indonesia.

And the kingdom was forgotten.

But.

The child you cured,

the woman who sells you your coffee beans,

the imam in the eggshell mosque,

the man without legs who lives under the town jetty...

They are all descended from those Kings.

And these islands were once the navel of the universe.

DAVID
They still can be.

YUSUF
You are not listening.

DAVID
You can build a new Kingdom.

YUSUF
This is not what I am saying to you.

DAVID
What. What are you telling me then?

YUSUF
I am telling you why you will fail.

DAVID
What makes you think I'll fail?

YUSUF
We may not have a kingdom anymore but we are still kings.

DAVID
Are you?

YUSUF
You will leave here with a handful of outsiders – Chinese who worship their ancestors and Bataks who were Christians before you came. You will never have the sons of kings and queens, you will never rule this forgotten kingdom. You will never have, you will never have...

DAVID
What. What will I never have?

YUSUF
You will never have *me*.

The encroaching darkness changes figures and their faces.

DAVID
Ya know what I think?
I think your kingdom is made of eggshells and I think you know that. It's why you're here. And ya know I think that in spite of all your anger - your anger that you try so hard to hide under politeness. I think you need me.
Maybe your father told you to come, maybe you came on your own but I think a part of you thinks that maybe this crazy bule might actually have some healing powers.
But you're way too smart and way too angry to just lie down and accept that for what it is.

YUSUF

I am not. Angry.

DAVID

Son there's a fury in you that rages.

You can try to pretend otherwise. But we know it's true.

You try to be polite and you try to be rational...

YUSUF

My father was confused.

DAVID

No he's not.

YUSUF

You speak as if you know him.

DAVID

I do.

YUSUF

My father has sent me chasing an illusion.

No more magical than a television set.

I think there are things you have not told us. I think your God is not the forgiving god you make him out to be. If he was he would not... He would not...

DAVID

What son. What do you need from God.

YUSUF looks at DAVID.

He sees something in the shadows that consume his figure

YUSUF

Your son and his eyes that are like shadows...

DAVID

I think you should stop talking about my son.

YUSUF

Shadows begin somewhere. They are answers to a greater darkness.

(Realization) There is a darkness in you. *A blackness.*

DAVID

You know it sounds like you're calling me the devil and I don't take very kindly to that.

YUSUF

My father should have cursed you and sent you back to your house at the end of the jetty.

DAVID

But he didn't.

YUSUF

You told him if he prayed, if he believed then he would be saved from the death that was covering his lungs. If he prayed. If he believed.

If he took everything that was given to him by his father and his father's father, everything that was passed down from the time of Kings. From the time of Hang Jebat.

If he took all these things and traded them for a belief in your God.

Then. And only then would your God heal him.

DAVID

And he did. He believed and he is saved.

He accepted Jesus Christ as his savior and now he'll live forever. Don't you want to stand with him?

YUSUF

He renounced your god.

DAVID

Now that's just not true.

YUSUF

He never believed

He never believed you

He never

DAVID

My son rejoice.

He was saved.

YUSUF looks up and notices a light.

It leaks through the cracks in the front door

and in the dark evening forms a rim of yellow around DAVID.

The light grows in intensity as if it is going to burst through the old wood and consume DAVID entirely.

The door opens.

REBECCA arrives with a battery-powered lantern.

The light reveals JIMMY, balanced on the wood railing, looking at the water below.

No one knew he was there.

DAVID

(Truly startled and unsettled) Oh my god. Jimmy, how long have you –

REBECCA

There you are! Why aren't you in bed?

Jimmy?

JIMMY just drops marbles into the water below

DAVID

Your mother asked you a question.

He is silent.

Now listen I don't know what –

JIMMY

Satu, Dua, Tiga...

REBECCA

Honey / why are you counting?

JIMMY

... Ompat, Lima, Enam, Tuju, Delapan, / Sembelan...

YUSUF

Adek kecil...

[little one...]

JIMMY turns to YUSUF. For a moment he says nothing.

DAVID

What is it with you and my son?

JIMMY

(To YUSUF) Dunia lebih daripada yang berada di langit dan lautan.

[The world is more than can be held in the ocean and the sky.]

DAVID

Those are the words of the song you sang...

Still looking to YUSUF he speaks the words in English.

JIMMY

Accept my love

or the sky will steal it

And make stars.

The sky has many stars

I have only one.

His eyes roll back in his head.

YUSUF

Ayah? [Father?]

JIMMY
I forgive you.

He steps back and plunges into the sea below.

REBECCA
Jimmy!!!

REBECCA and DAVID race to the edge

Jimmy oh lord please oh my god...

YUSUF
Ayah...

REBECCA
David you know he can't swim!

*YUSUF runs to the edge and is about to jump in
when DAVID grabs him throws him to the floor.*

REBECCA
David!

DAVID
You. Stay away from my son.

*DAVID turns and jumps off the edge into the water below.
Sounds of splashing and searching.*

DAVID
(Distant, voice full of sea water) Jimmy!

REBECCA
Yusuf.

He doesn't respond.

Please. It's dark. He needs help. I know he... I know David isn't always...
Please.
Help us.

*He stares at her for a moment
before taking off his shirt and handing it to her.
He runs to the edge and dives in.
Splash.*

*REBECCA runs to the edge and watches.
She considers jumping in herself, but decides she needs to call for help instead.
She runs into the house and quickly emerges with a phone,
She stares forward, waiting for someone to pick up.
No one is picking up.*

*Below the wooden house balanced on stilts
the two men dig
Deeper
and deeper
into the water
as the posts sway slightly in the salt water current.*

ACT 2

Early Morning.

The last moments of the call to morning prayer are falling away.

REBECCA looks out at the ocean.

Standing beside the couch is officer TOGAR. He looks nervous.

Clutching at the banisters, he tries not to look at the water below.

Search crews are in the distance, on the beach and in the water.

REBECCA

Is all this for us?

TOGAR

Yes.

REBECCA

It seems like a lot.

TOGAR

This town helps strangers more than they help themselves.

REBECCA watches them

REBECCA

Why are they so far away?

TOGAR

The ah current you see...

REBECCA understands what he means.

TOGAR looks at the water below.

Should we see if the Reverend is ready?

REBECCA looks at TOGAR desperately clutching a banister

REBECCA

Are you okay?

TOGAR

Yes I am just a little

REBECCA

Do you need to sit down?

TOGAR

Mrs. Holiday, is your husband ready to speak?

REBECCA

He's not here.

TOGAR

Not here...

REBECCA

He went to look for Yusuf.

TOGAR

Oh.

A moment while TOGAR processes this information

REBECCA

It's strange that they sent you.

TOGAR

Yes it is not procedure to do this.

REBECCA

A conflict of interest.

TOGAR

A conflict yes.

REBECCA

But you're their only English speaking police officer.

TOGAR

Yes.

REBECCA

Even if we do see you every Sunday.

*TOGAR gets out his notebook.
He looks for permission from REBECCA to begin
which he doesn't get
so he tentatively begins...*

TOGAR

(referring to notes) The Reverend and Yusuf jumped in to save Jimmy.

REBECCA

And I went to call the police.

TOGAR

And there was no response when you called.

REBECCA

So I jumped in too.

TOGAR

Oh.

REBECCA

What.

TOGAR

You did not...

You should have come to find someone...

REBECCA

Is that what I should have done Togar?

TOGAR clutches on to the railings and tries to focus on his notes.

I didn't last long.

David had looked until he almost drowned. And then he looked some more. Yusuf had to pull him out of the water or he woulda died out there.

Eventually we just sat and listened to Yusuf dig through the waves.

For hours we could hear the splash of each dive.

And then at some point they just stopped. I guess he swam to shore.

It was as if he disappeared with Jimmy.

Eventually there were boats

and lights

and people

and eventually you.

TOGAR

It is possible he was too ashamed to return. Having failed to find your boy.

REBECCA

I don't understand why people do what they do.

She looks down the jetty.

TOGAR looks through his notes

TOGAR

"Change the King and you change the Kingdom."

The reverend said this last Sunday.

REBECCA

Do you write down all his sermons?

TOGAR
Yes.

REBECCA doesn't know how to respond to this

He was speaking about Yusuf, Yes?

REBECCA
I guess he was.

TOGAR
They had not met until yesterday?

REBECCA
We met his dad, we met his wife...

TOGAR
At church yes. But Yusuf doesn't believe it is right.

REBECCA
You know him?

TOGAR
Oh. Well yes I am often called in to assist him in his work.

REBECCA
His work.

TOGAR
At the customs office. I work with him on translation projects.

REBECCA
He works in the post office.

TOGAR
Customs and Immigration and well yes there is some postal service.

REBECCA
There are so many things we don't know...

TOGAR
Yes?

REBECCA
Is that why they hate us?

TOGAR
I don't know anyone who hates you.

REBECCA

They elected another Penghulu for heaven's sake.
Just because he came to our church.

TOGAR

Ibrihim had become a strange and reclusive man.

REBECCA

I've seen how they look at us.

TOGAR

Perhaps you are noticing how the people in town look at *Jimmy*.

REBECCA

Huh?

TOGAR

Jimmy was often, how do I put this. Unsupervised...

REBECCA

What do you mean?

TOGAR

He was often seen walking through town.

REBECCA

Not without me he wasn't.

TOGAR

I have seen him myself.

REBECCA

Have you now?

TOGAR

I am so terribly sorry but yes.

REBECCA doesn't respond for a moment. She did not expect this.

REBECCA

You can't tell David.

TOGAR

Tell him...?

Oh.

I see.

REBECCA

Oh god I can't believe the whole town knows.

TOGAR

Let us just stay with what you know Missus Holiday

REBECCA

I haven't told him how bad it's been.

I haven't told him.

Jimmy's been disappearing. For months he's been doing it. I'll be doing laundry or something and he just vanishes.

TOGAR

You should have reported these incidents.

REBECCA

So I go off looking for him and sometimes... usually... I find him...

But sometimes I don't. Sometimes he's just gone for hours.

He always comes home in time for dinner.

TOGAR

And where does he go?

REBECCA

You think I don't ask? I ask, I plead, I yell. I even spanked him a couple times... nothing stops him from doing it. Sometimes he comes up with some vague answer like "the beach" or "Mrs. Lim's." Sometimes he just doesn't answer. I haven't told anyone.

TOGAR

I see.

REBECCA

It's unforgivable.

*TOGAR isn't sure what to make of this.
The sound of the tide rising can be heard
as small waves lap the posts of the house.*

TOGAR

Have I told you the story of how I came to your church?

Reverend Holiday saved me. He found me in town and shook my hand and reminded me that I was a Christian even if there was no Batak Church in this town. He invited me to worship.

The services were in your home- before you moved to Pelangi street – but I have always felt uneasy on these houses built above water. The thought of meeting here on Sundays, looking through the cracks at the water below...

This fear makes no sense you see.

I know how to swim. I am not afraid of the water. But in houses like these you cannot see the water but you know it is there... moving below you. The thought of what lies below the surface, the ah, monsters of the deep.

REBECCA
But you came.

TOGAR
Yes. You saved my life. I was lost, far from my home and my people in Sumatra. I don't think think you realize how much I needed god when you found me. When I made my way down this jetty to overcome my fears I found a blessed community.
I still fear the monsters of course.

REBECCA
Even now?

TOGAR
Even now.

REBECCA is thinking about something.

Missus Holiday.

REBECCA
It's nothing.

TOGAR
Is there something / you know...

REBECCA
Yusuf said he'd never met Jimmy. But the two of them... they talked while David and I were fighting and there was this weird connection between them....

TOGAR
Is there something you remembered?

REBECCA
He called Jimmy "Ayah."

TOGAR
Yusuf.

REBECCA
Yusuf yes Yusuf.
Yusuf called Jimmy "father."

*TOGAR stops taking notes. As if he doesn't know what to write.
He thinks for a moment.*

What.

TOGAR

Many things started to happen just after David and Jimmy went to Songket.

REBECCA

What?

TOGAR

(Looking at his notes) You said Jimmy had been “disappearing” and giving you “vague” answers.

REBECCA

I know what I said. What does this have to do with the Island?

TOGAR

Songket is the island where David healed the little girl. I believe Jimmy was with him when he went.

REBECCA

Yeah but... you don’t believe that story...?

TOGAR

The Reverend spoke of it in church.

REBECCA

He spoke about a lot of things in church. Not everything...

TOGAR

Yes?

REBECCA

Well some things were I don’t know *exaggerated*.

TOGAR

He did not tell these stories as if they were exaggerations.

REBECCA

I only mean.

Sometimes there’s a greater truth revealed when the facts are made a little fuzzy.

TOGAR

Fuzzy facts.

REBECCA

Yeah...

TOGAR thinks about the “fuzzy facts” for a moment

TOGAR

Missus Holiday. Where is the Reverend?

REBECCA

I told you.

TOGAR

Looking for Yusuf yes.

I am having some difficulty. I don't wish to upset you...

I am realizing that it is perhaps not appropriate for me to be the officer assigned to this event.

REBECCA

I'm glad they sent you Togar.

TOGAR

Thank you. But you see I am worried about the "fuzzy facts."

REBECCA

I didn't mean anything by that.

TOGAR

Jimmy could not swim. Yet he climbed onto the railing and jumped into the water.

There is something that is missing.

REBECCA

I know. It's just / all so...

TOGAR

Why would he do this?

REBECCA

I wish I knew.

TOGAR

Was there trouble in the house? Was there something that would make him do such a thing?

REBECCA

What?

TOGAR

As I said, I should not have been assigned to this.

REBECCA

What are you saying?

TOGAR

I am only asking questions.

REBECCA

But those questions are / implying that we

TOGAR

It is the proper / procedure.

REBECCA

No. Nonono you don't get to say that.

TOGAR

Why would he do such a thing?

REBECCA

I think you're accusing us of I don't know what but I don't really appreciate it.

TOGAR

You yourself said / that Jimmy had

REBECCA

After everything we've worked for. Everything we've done.

TOGAR

Yes you and the Reverend have done a great deal.

But I don't understand... why you feel your sins are unforgivable.

REBECCA

That's not what I said.

TOGAR

Yes, you said –

REBECCA

I think you need to leave.

TOGAR is surprised by this

TOGAR

Missus Holiday...

REBECCA

You come here into my house and *accuse* us / like we're criminals

TOGAR

Missus Holiday. Please

This church, this *congregation* has been so very important to me.

I am not sure how to proceed...

REBECCA offers no answers

*TOGAR doesn't know what to say
His voice falters when he does speak*

Yes. Well. Terimah Kasih.

REBECCA
Sama sama.

*TOGAR walks down the jetty toward town.
REBECCA starts to clean up the porch
Towels, rags and discarded clothes and shoes,
a mess of uneaten cookies, half-empty cups of coffee,
a meal barely touched and only half-prepared.
Plates upon plates, cups upon cups, some stacked, some overlapping.
She picks up YUSUFs shirt and as she does,
the bible falls out of its breast pocket.
She sits and reads.
She turns to something familiar but it offers no solace.
DAVID emerges from the house and watches her for a moment.*

DAVID
Hey.

REBECCA
You're here.

DAVID
I've been here.

REBECCA
How did you...

DAVID
I walked right by you. You were looking at the search parties.

REBECCA
Why on earth didn't you say something?

*He doesn't have an answer.
REBECCA is about to say something but starts cleaning again instead.*

DAVID
I think we broke Togar's heart.

REBECCA
It was bound to happen eventually.

He places it without satisfaction on the posts where it once stood.

DAVID

It was dark.

REBECCA

What was dark David?

DAVID

When I started to fall... sink... beneath the water.

It was darker than you can imagine.

My muscles were giving out. I was so tired.

And you know I looked up before I started to sink and the sky... there were no stars.

Ya know how sometimes when it's real late when it's that time of night and the stars have moved on?

But I was sinking. I was tired and I was sinking.

Slowly beneath the surface into the salty silky black.

As I fell I kept my eyes open.

I don't know maybe I thought I would see him there, my son, falling with me.

But I didn't see him, I only found the missing stars.

There. Underwater with me. All around and streaming behind me as I fell.

It was those whaddaya call em,

REBECCA

Phosphorescents.

DAVID

Yeah. It was like the stars were falling with me.

A moment passes while DAVID watches the stars fall again

I need to find him.

REBECCA

Him.

DAVID

Yusuf. I think he might know where Jimmy is.

REBECCA isn't sure how to respond.

REBECCA

David I don't think...

DAVID

If we find Yusuf we'll find Jimmy.

REBECCA looks at DAVID wondering if perhaps he is delusional

We should pray.

REBECCA
Pray.

DAVID
Our boy is missing. We need to pray.

REBECCA
I'm not sure he's *missing*...

DAVID
We need guidance. We need *help*.

REBECCA
David I can't.

DAVID
You can't pray?

REBECCA
I...

DAVID
I know it's been hard.

REBECCA
Hard.

DAVID
I'll be better I promise but right now I just need you to...
I don't know you're mad at me or something and I don't know how to...
I need you on my side. Becky. I need you to help me.

REBECCA
You need me to help you pray.

DAVID
Well no not / exactly

REBECCA
Because that's what we do right?
We pray for money, we pray for family, we pray for peace, we *pray our little boy will stop having seizures and get better*.

DAVID
We can still / help him

REBECCA

You left me. Out here. To deal with all this.
What were you thinking?

DAVID

I just wanted to do something...

REBECCA

You were HERE! Ten feet away!

DAVID

Well but I mean before that.

REBECCA

You weren't joining some search crew or something you were looking for *Yusuf*.

DAVID

Why aren't you with me on this?

REBECCA

No you're right. Let's just feed your delusions about Jimmy being alive and that somehow Yusuf – *the man who searched out there for hours*, somehow knows something we don't.

DAVID

You're not being nice.

The past is coming back. There is nothing they can do to stop it.

REBECCA

We never even got a honeymoon.

DAVID

This again...

REBECCA

Yes this again.

DAVID

You know why.

REBECCA

That woman. That *girl*.

DAVID

Angela.

REBECCA

Angela. (*In a bitter mocking tone*) "Her name was Angela, but she was no angel!"

DAVID
Bec...

REBECCA
You have used that woman over and over, sermon after sermon.
You talk about her more than you talk about me.

DAVID
She's a cautionary tale.

REBECCA
Oh she sure is. If only your *flock* knew the half of it.

DAVID
Come on now.

REBECCA
She showed up on our doorstep David. Our doorstep. Who even does that?

DAVID
She was troubled.

REBECCA
That hair, that toothy smile. With all that she was doing... that *smile*.
You talk a lot about the devil David and damn if that girl wasn't the real deal.

DAVID
Don't talk like that.

REBECCA
What kind of woman shows up, child in tow, ready to give him up?

DAVID
A desperate one.

REBECCA
But there he was! That boy. That child. Not even two years old and staring through me.
My god his eyes were like night coming before its ready.

DAVID
We couldn't turn our backs on her. On him.

REBECCA
We?

DAVID
I. Couldn't turn my back.

REBECCA

But you did. Every day and every night.

DAVID

We took him in and made him our own.

REBECCA

HE WAS YOUR OWN! Just because you were drunk in some orchard doesn't mean it wasn't your blood and spit that made that child. He *was* your own.

He just wasn't mine...

DAVID

I never made you feel like / he wasn't

REBECCA

No no no you're right...

We're a team You said it I said it Jimmy said it.

Said it so much that sometimes I believed it.

But sometimes people would come up to me in the street and they would tell me something you had told them and they would say it with such love and wonder and I would get jealous.

Of that intimacy.

Of that relationship you had with people you barely knew.

I started to wonder, why are Jimmy and I even here?

I mean I could teach you to play the accordion if that's / all that's all that

DAVID

How could you think that?

REBECCA doesn't respond

You saved me. Don't you remember?

REBECCA

I remember.

DAVID

You saved me.

REBECCA

And you saved me.

DAVID

From that terrible place.

REBECCA

Yakima.

DAVID

And your dad and that bar and that life...

REBECCA

You saved me.

DAVID

Why don't you sound like you believe it anymore?

REBECCA

I'm just having a hard time remembering a time before all this.

DAVID

I thought this was what you wanted.

REBECCA is genuinely surprised.

REBECCA

Why on *earth* would you think that?

DAVID

Well I mean not *this*. Not this house, not this country, not this life...

REBECCA

What else is there?

DAVID

God. I thought you wanted to know God.

REBECCA

I wanted to know *you*.

I already knew god.

DAVID

In that place.

REBECCA

Oh no doubt you were my ticket out of there.

But just because you couldn't find God in Yakima doesn't mean he wasn't there.

In everything. And everyone.

DAVID

Well of course God was there but

REBECCA

But you saved me.

My ticket out of there turned out to be... well I guess Hell is getting what you asked for.

DAVID

Is that... is that what you think this is?

REBECCA

Look around you. What do you call it?

A long moment.

*In the silence, the sound of the tide moves higher up the posts
that hold the house together.*

DAVID

Your apron was dirty when you would sing.

REBECCA

It was a dirty place.

DAVID

But you... you would get up on that stage and fold that apron like it was a new dress for the ball.
And then you would sing that song.

REBECCA

I sang a lot of songs in that bar.

DAVID

Yeah but the lullaby...

REBECCA

The lullaby.

DAVID

The night was done and the band had gone home hours ago and that bar was looking like war had come
and gone. Any second the men in that desperate little town were gonna break.
But you got up there... folded your dirty little apron and you sang.

REBECCA

Rockabye...

DAVID

Lullaby...

REBECCA

Yeah...

DAVID

Like a song a mother would sing to her baby.
And my god if that place didn't fall under your spell.

REBECCA
I just liked to sing.

DAVID
You made me want to make myself... better.
It's why I said yes to you that night. When you invited me to church it was like heaven was reaching down and setting me straight.

REBECCA
I was never your savior.

DAVID
But I came to Jesus because of you.

A moment.

What.

REBECCA
Why couldn't you have come to church for normal reasons?
Why couldn't you have just used it as an excuse to get in my pants?
You really believed that I was something more.

DAVID
I still do.

REBECCA
I was never... we were never...
You were broken and so was I and we didn't get together because I healed you, we got together because being sick next to each other was better than being sick alone.

DAVID
No it was something else. Finding you was a miracle.

REBECCA
David you had been with a thousand girls and you definitely weren't *my* first. I just think you got tired and I happened to be lying next to you when you did.

DAVID
I know I wasn't your *first* but...

REBECCA
Really?

DAVID
I mean I just thought...

REBECCA

David we met in a *bar*. Who did you think I was?

DAVID becomes silent as he thinks about the past.

You thought I was pure.

You thought I was pure and we would come to god together.

DAVID

That voice...

REBECCA

But I was already a Christian. Maybe not the kind of Christian we are now, but David *you didn't know me*. You still don't.

DAVID

I knew you.

REBECCA

You saw what you wanted to see.

DAVID

But you came to me.

REBECCA

I did.

DAVID

You took care of me.

REBECCA

Every night.

DAVID

You felt something I know you did.

REBECCA

I did. My god I did. I felt a desire powerful and strange.

You were the one I was going to make whole.

All those boys in the bar... but you were different. The way you spoke, the way you touched people's bodies, a hand on their shoulder, holding them hard. There was something more to you. Your charm was like an animal on the hunt. Like it was a part of your muscles and your blood.

And when you drank...

A rage that burned like a forest fire.

A heat that made me burn for you.

DAVID

Becky.

REBECCA

And in the cold light of morning I would think about fixing you. Changing you.
If I could make you stay sober long enough to get a good look at your life...
I could make you a good man.

DAVID

And I did. I stopped drinking.

REBECCA

Yup. I won. Yay for me.

DAVID

Why are you being like this?

REBECCA

You failed hon. You failed that boy.

DAVID

I didn't... I didn't...

REBECCA

Our boy was sick. He needed help.

DAVID

And I gave him help

REBECCA

PRAYING IS NOT HELP! He needed a DOCTOR. He was having SEIZURES!.

DAVID

What about Doctor Raharjo?

REBECCA

He needed a *neurologist*. Someone back in the states. Doctor Raharjo told us that.
Which you would know if you ever came with me to the doctor.

DAVID

I didn't fail him.

REBECCA

And what on earth happened on that island?

DAVID

I told you what happened.

REBECCA

He was *different* when he got back.

DAVID

He was always different.

REBECCA

Not like this.

DAVID

When he sang It surprised me how much it sounded like *you*.

REBECCA

Of course that's not possible.

Unless you made a habit of bedding singers.

DAVID

He was yours. Even without your blood and spit. He was.

REBECCA stands and watches the search crews.

The sound of the tide can be heard rising up the posts below them.

Rebecca?

REBECCA

I hated him.

DAVID

What?

REBECCA

I hated that boy for what he did to us.

DAVID

You didn't / hate him.

REBECCA

We hadn't even unpacked before everything changed.

We never even...

We never had picnics for heaven's sake.

We never kissed in the back row of a movie theatre.

We never made love in the middle of the afternoon with the windows open.

I hated him for taking all that away from us.

And I hated him for taking away my future.

I never wanted much but I thought maybe after we got married and we weren't struggling quite so much, I could finish college or do something... bigger...

And I know.

I know I know I know.

What could be bigger than *God* right? But this calling wasn't my calling. I was just along for the ride. A ride that took us to a place even more desperate than Yakima. How we ended up trading one for the other is still a mystery to me.

Most of all - and this is the worst of it - I hated that boy for making me love him. For making me believe he was mine and that I could make this child into a man

And then and then and then...

For leaving me. For taking that love with him underneath the waves.

DAVID

All I ever wanted was for you to sing to me like you did that night.

REBECCA

Then for god's sake why are we here? David why are we here?

A long moment while DAVID thinks about the question.

About the reasons why he made the choices he made.

The sound of the rising tide laps the posts below them.

DAVID

We've done good.

REBECCA

Sure.

DAVID

Two years ago we were holding prayer meetings in this living room do you remember?

REBECCA

Oh I remember

DAVID

We built a church. On Pelangi street.

REBECCA

It still smells like the dry goods store it used to be.

DAVID

We've healed people. Made broken people whole.

REBECCA

Like Togar?

DAVID

Even if we couldn't heal our son. Even if we... Even if I was blind to his problems...

I love you Becky. More than the first day I saw you.

REBECCA

I know. I know you think that... you *believe* it. Like you believe in so much.

DAVID

Why do you say that like it's a bad thing?

We may not be the same you and I, but we both *believe*. Don't we?

REBECCA

Do you remember how you told me one night
how you wanted

more than anything in the world
to learn to fly?

Join the air force and learn to fly.

DAVID

That was before...

REBECCA

Yeah. Before.

DAVID

I'm not that person anymore.

REBECCA

Do you believe our son is alive?

DAVID

I... I believe he might be.

REBECCA

And you believe that Yusuf holds some kind of answer.

DAVID

I believe that even stronger.

REBECCA

I just don't know how I can ever compete with that.

DAVID

You don't have to compete...

REBECCA

Turn around.

*DAVID turns to see YUSUF approaching on the jetty.
He falls silent and watches him.*

I'll put on the coffee.

REBECCA leaves.

*DAVID sits down on the couch and waits for YUSUF to arrive.
YUSUF arrives on the porch and neither of them say anything,
DAVID facing the search crews and YUSUF standing behind him.
YUSUF picks up the Bible that was left on the table
He reads to himself for a moment and then*

YUSUF

"Lord have mercy on my son;
For he is a lunatic, and sore vexed:
For oft-times he falleth into the fire,
And oft into the water."

The sound of the tide moving up the posts

It is underlined... you said it to your son after his seizure.

DAVID

I did.

YUSUF

Yes you were / carrying

DAVID

I've thought about a lot of things since last night.
Like the fact that I might be dreaming all this.
Or that maybe god sent you to test me as some sorta divine joke.

YUSUF

Well if you are Job then am I God? Or am I the devil?

DAVID

You know the story of Job?

YUSUF

The story of the prophet Job is in the Koran.

DAVID

Well there ya go.

YUSUF

It is a terrible tale.

DAVID

But at least Job knew he was chosen for something. Even if was something awful.
I wasn't chosen. It was never meant to be me.

YUSUF

Who was it meant to be?

DAVID

See because I was never the smart one. Or the strong one. Or the virtuous one.

YUSUF

Which one were you?

DAVID

The one who told stories in bars.

A moment.

YUSUF

My father died last night.

DAVID

Where's Jimmy?

YUSUF

Perhaps you did not hear me.

DAVID

Rebecca'll send flowers what happened to my son?

YUSUF

I was not going to come.

DAVID

Yet here you are. Reading Bible passages and everything. Couldn't of planned it better myself.

YUSUF

I forgive your lack of kindness. I understand this is a difficult time.

DAVID looks at YUSUF in disbelief.

Whether you realize it or not, you gave me a great deal and I felt that you deserved the truth.

DAVID

I knew there was something...

YUSUF

Jimmy said many strange things when he spoke to me last night.

DAVID

Where's my son?

YUSUF

He spoke in fluent Indonesian.

DAVID

Uh huh. About voices in / his head...

YUSUF

You did not think this was strange?

DAVID

Of course it was weird! Look I am not in the mood / to be

YUSUF

I asked the boy where he learned to speak Bahasa Indonesia.

He said *my* father taught him.

DAVID

He didn't... wait what? / when did he...

YUSUF

I was gone at work every day. My wife was in school learning nursing.

DAVID

Wait wait hold on when did you know this? *You* didn't tell me. You were standing right there and *you* didn't tell me.

YUSUF

Please. I am trying to tell you everything now. You are making it difficult.

DAVID

Difficult? You're going to tell me about difficult?

*YUSUF pauses. He waits for a silent truce from DAVID to allow him to proceed.
DAVID concedes grudgingly.*

YUSUF

Shortly after my wife and I were told we would never have a child – my father came to me with a strange announcement. He told me he had found someone to listen to his stories.

My father was being cruel when my wife and I were filled with grief, bringing up a childhood disagreement between us. Bringing up my brother.

He said he met this child who spent the day standing by him as he cooked, listening to his stories. I assumed it was a boy from the town. A local boy.

I assumed many things.

DAVID

And you're saying this kid was Jimmy?

YUSUF

I know now that it was.

DAVID

What is *wrong* with your family?

YUSUF

Your boy has always been wild. Away from home, by himself. Moving through the town like a snake.

DAVID

He was playing...

YUSUF

I suspect Mrs. Holiday has not shared everything with you.

DAVID

Hold on hold on what happened *last night*? Where did you go?

YUSUF

I came here to tell you everything.

DAVID

You were mad that I got your father to come to church and pray to Jesus, you were mad that he had a new son and you just couldn't –

YUSUF

(Sharp) My father.

(but then controlled) Told me to come for the boy.

DAVID

What.

YUSUF

They were his last words before the coma. He wanted me to bring to him your son.

DAVID

You came for Jimmy. Last night.

YUSUF

I also came to try and *understand* my father's request

DAVID

You were here to take *my boy*.

YUSUF

I thought he just wanted to speak to him.

DAVID

(his escalating fury barely contained) What did your dad want with Jimmy?

YUSUF

He joined your church and no one understood.

DAVID

Yes yes. Stole the kingdom from you we went / over this.

YUSUF

He visited as an act of hospitality but I believe he returned because of your son.

DAVID

I swear if you talk about him being haunted...

YUSUF

My father spent a great deal of time in the house, growing old and growing lonely. The only time he left was when he went to your church. I never understood this until I met Jimmy.

I believe your son came to him and they would spend many long hours together.

I believe it was in these hours together my father made a decision.

His heart made a choice.

A choice to inhabit the boy's body when his own body failed.

I do not think he did this out of cruelty or violence. Their kindred lonely spirits had had grown so close that when he fell into his coma, he began to slowly enter the body of your son.

DAVID is silent for a moment.

DAVID

You're crazy.

YUSUF

Yes. I have considered this possibility.

DAVID

This. *This* is what you believe. But for some reason *Jesus* is too hard to believe in?

YUSUF

Jesus is not hard. Jesus is easy.

DAVID

Easy. Easy.

You think Jesus is *easy*.

Do you know how HARD it was for me to accept God in my life? To let myself be forgiven. Do you?

DO YOU?

YUSUF

There are many things I do not know about you. Just as there are many things you do not know about me.

DAVID

Where's my son?!?

YUSUF

You believe god came to earth in the form of man.

DAVID

I am not having a / theological debate with you.

YUSUF

You believe in beautiful, glorious acts of resurrection. The eternal life of the soul. Yet you do not... you do not...

DAVID

What. What do I not

YUSUF

You do not believe in your own son.

DAVID

What that he was channeling the spirits of your / daddy while he

YUSUF

Your son is more remarkable than you will / ever know...

DAVID

I WILL NOT ACCEPT SUCH BLASPHEMY!

No one says anything for a long moment.

Jimmy was having seizures long before we came to this godforsaken place.

YUSUF

Godforsaken. Yes. This is one of your words.

DAVID

This doesn't even make sense.

YUSUF

Your boy was always special. But it took my father - my superstitious father – to recognize this. This is why your son's body still breathes.

DAVID

I see what you're doing...

YUSUF

I am not / doing

DAVID

... "believe in me and you'll have everlasting life"...

YUSUF

This is not a / trick.

DAVID

...but you know it's just cruel.

YUSUF

This was not my intention...

I swam to shore somewhere near dawn and the boy was sitting on the shore.

Watching us.

I came to tell you this as an act of mercy. So you could begin to forgive yourself.

A moment.

DAVID

He. He's alive...

YUSUF

I know forgiveness is important to you and I offer it freely.

DAVID

But... but... where is he?

YUSUF

The boy is with my wife right now.

DAVID

Oh my dear lord...

His mind races to catch up as he processes this.

He... He's with your...

And finally the euphoric truth overcomes him.

Hallelujah!

He embraces YUSUF who remains still and wooden as he does.

He's alive!

Rebecca... I need to tell... oh my god / she's gonna

YUSUF

I do not know how to / say this.

DAVID

Why didn't you just tell me? Good lord you had me / thinking all

YUSUF
Reverend.

DAVID
sorts of things with your weird talk about –

YUSUF
David. I came out of mercy. You deserve mercy.

DAVID
You came to tell me about Jimmy.

YUSUF
I only wish I could give you more.

DAVID
Wait.
Why is Jimmy with Dewi?

YUSUF
I came here yesterday wondering what my father saw in you and this family.
Many people said you could heal him but of course I never believed such things.
But he was dying. How could I refuse his request? And I suppose a small part of me... wished that perhaps, no matter how impossible...
I did not expect such remarkable things.
Your son.
My god your son.

YUSUF stands.

Jimmy is not coming home.

DAVID
What do you mean he's not coming home?

YUSUF
My father lives. He lives in the body of this remarkable child.

*A long moment while DAVID darkens.
A beast is emerging from the hot depths of his past.*

DAVID
(Controlled and terrifying) You're taking my boy.

YUSUF
He has chosen to stay with us.

*DAVID stands.
Calm he walks to the edge
He grips the railing he just repaired.*

DAVID
I guess we can tell them to call off the search.

YUSUF
I am so very deeply sorry.
Dewi suggested it might not offer enough solace and perhaps I shouldn't come.

DAVID
She sounds like a peach.

YUSUF
I am sure I have said too much. I am sorry for that as well.

DAVID
Sorry.

*DAVID tears off the railing and flies at YUSUF.
He hits him squarely in the jaw and floors him.
DAVID leaps upon YUSUF like a wild animal.
TOGAR, who had just reached the end of the jetty,
sees this and breaks into a run.*

*The fight is brutal.
DAVID learned to fight in bars and knows how to hit so it will hurt but YUSUF is
young and resilient and is fighting for something he believes in.*

*REBECCA appears in the doorway. She has seen enough fights in her time to
know when not to get in the middle.
TOGAR has no such qualms.
A powerful man, even when sick,
he attempts to pull the savage and desperate DAVID off of YUSUF.
He is unsuccessful at first, the two bodies having become one writing mass
unable to separate. But eventually he pries free an opening enough for YUSUF to
fall on to the wooden planks.
YUSUF stumbles down the jetty toward shore.
He looks back at them.*

YUSUF
Can you hear it? Can you hear him sing?
My god I can hear him sing!

YUSUF runs.

TOGAR

Yusuf! Come back, I need to –

But he is gone.

DAVID

Stop him! He has my son! / HE HAS MY SON! Why are you not stopping him!

TOGAR

Reverend... Reverend... REVEREND!

*TOGAR has already been holding back a ferocious DAVID
Who wants to break free and chase after YUSUF,
but he now fully incapacitates him with the efficiency of a trained officer.
DAVID is forced to fall into the chair.*

We found your son.

He is.

He is gone.

DAVID looks at him like he doesn't speak his language.

His body washed ashore at the hotel on Batu Beach.

DAVID

Did *you* see him?

TOGAR

I don't understand...

DAVID

Did *you* see the body?

TOGAR

Well no but why / would I

DAVID

Who found him?

TOGAR

Well actually... Dewi found his body and reported it to the police...

DAVID

Don't you see?

TOGAR

No I'm afraid I don't.

DAVID
It's all a trick.

TOGAR
A trick?

DAVID
A ruse.

TOGAR
I see.

DAVID
He has confederates.

TOGAR
I don't know what that means.

DAVID
He's the son of a powerful man. He can grease the palms. He can make things happen.

TOGAR
You have had a very long night. I think maybe you need to

DAVID
Don't tell me what I need to

TOGAR
I only meant that

DAVID
My son is still alive.
And Yusuf bin Ibrahim and his wife have abducted him.

A moment.

TOGAR
I was hoping I could speak to *Missus* Holiday.

DAVID looks back at REBECCA.

DAVID
Do you think she knows where they went?

TOGAR
You have had a very traumatic experience.

DAVID

I don't understand.

TOGAR

I am sure that I would be lost.

DAVID

I'm not lost...

REBECCA

It's alright David.

DAVID

He's getting / away...

REBECCA

We're gonna let Officer Togar get back to his job.

DAVID

But Jimmy's not...

REBECCA

Officer.

TOGAR

Missus Holiday.

(To REBECCA) We'll need you to

REBECCA

I think it's best if you

TOGAR

We'll need you to make an identification...

REBECCA

You can phone us with the details.

TOGAR

Of course. When you're ready.

DAVID

Wait.

TOGAR

Yes Reverend?

DAVID

Will I see you in church on Sunday?

TOGAR

I don't think now is the time.

*DAVID stands with a nobility that belies his situation -
a misshapen king among the plates and broken porch*

Yes. I will see you in church

*DAVID wanders off to the edge of the porch
where he watches the search crews begin to give up the search.
He is singing something to himself, trying to remember the tune of something.*

TOGAR

(To REBECCA) I ah. He is correct.

I didn't personally see the ah...

It is *possible* that the boy / could

REBECCA

My husband believes in miracles.

I do not.

*TOGAR is surprised
and maybe a little heartbroken to hear this.*

TOGAR

Of course. Yes as you said. Of course.

Thank you so much for your time.

*He looks back at the large man staring vacantly at the sea
and his young wife watching him.
TOGAR begins his walk down the long jetty to land..*

REBECCA approaches DAVID

DAVID

Did I ever tell you about the story of Hang Tuah and Hang Jebat?

REBECCA

I must have missed that one.

DAVID

They fought from night until morning

and when Hang Tuah stood over the body of his brother Jebat

He looks at REBECCA in a way he never has before

he felt a powerful regret.

The sound of the rising tide below them.

REBECCA

Did he find a way to forgive himself?

DAVID

I don't know.

REBECCA

Why don't you know?

DAVID

I didn't ask how the story ends.

REBECCA sings.

*He lies down with his head in her lap
the lullaby that she would sing to the restless and desperate men
Before they left her bar every night.*

REBECCA

Sleep my baby don't you cry,
Mama loves her little baby
Slip so softly close your eyes
And dream of water falling gently.

Sleep my baby slip away
Underneath the churning seas.
Slowly moving slowly sway
Your body falling in the breeze

And sleep sleep sleep
In the soft wet sand
So deep deep deep
At the bottom of the sea.

Rockabye
Lullaby
Fall with me
So slowly...

*The two hold each other in the morning light.
They sway very slightly
As the house moves
In the churning current below.*